MARVEL

151

GRANT MORRISON
MARC SILVESTRI

NEW X-MEN®

SILVESTRI
WEEMS

STEVE

HERE COMES TOMORROW 1 OF 4

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THE HERE AND NOW...

Sulphur...

...should have known.

Crawlers.

Could be *ten* of 'em!

Might be only *one*...hard to tell, with the way they jump around.

Rover, get down here!

Woo!

Boo!

Five.

Awright. I s'pose you're all thinking, *'Let's just pick on the poor little human out on his own...'*, aren't you?

Well, you haven't met my big ***mate***, then--have you?

Rover, introduce yourself.

DESTROY.

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DESTROY.

DESTROY.

Well, I reckon they probably figured out who *you* are, Rover, but I didn't catch any of *their* names.

Wankers!

You know, could have sworn there was *five* of 'em.

This is bollox. We can't stay out here *one minute* longer...

HERE COMES TOMORROW

PART 1

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...the Beast knows *this place* like the back of his hand.

I'm late.

Sorry.

You're sorry?

Five minutes ago I could have done with some *help!*

I ran into **Apollyon the Destroyer** or I'd have made the rendezvous in **time.**

The servants of **the Beast** get closer all the time.

Welcome to **Megamerica.**

I'm **E.V.A.**

I'm from the **Institute.**

You must be Tom Skylark.

I don't use my own name, mostly. The pair of us work as a team.

"Rover and I."

I'm very good with machines, if I may say so myself.

"Rover" seems to be a first generation Sentinel...one of my remote ancestors.

Oh, such a strong machine.

I'm a Generation N unit from The World.

As an external artificial nervous system, I was bonded to the man Fantomex once, but...that was... long ago. Before what happened to him...

...now I am alone.

Sorry to hear it, love.

Rover here might be an antique, but they built their killer robots to last in the old days.

Rover! Say hello to E.V.A.!

DESTROY.

Vocabulary's not much to write home about, but he means well.

And he's saved my life more times than I can add up.

Tom, that thing on its back...the energy signature is so symmetrical...so profound.

Is it really...

Well, what d'you think?

The Proud People found it on the moon.

If it wasn't real, d'you think the Beast'd be so eager to get a hold of it? We've been chased the whole bloody way across the Atlantic!

Two more miles of irradiated ocean and we'll reach the edge of the Manhattan crater.

Two more miles of salt in your joints, Rover.

What d'you reckon to that, mate?

DESTROY.

THE MANHATTAN CRATER

The Institute...

...we're trying to preserve the achievements of the past before they're all used up as **fuel** or **compost** in the race to dominate the biosphere.

We figured an **interspecies** group of X-Men might be the only way forward in a conflict like this one.

The **Xavier Creed** has always stressed integration.

Never mind integration--the Proud People all ***died*** because of that bloody egg.

I want ***payback.***

If your X-Men think they can take down the ***Beast,*** then you can sign us up.

TRANSATLANTIS

God has *abandoned* his failed experiment, the Earth.

Now is the time of blasphemous creation.

Where man once walked, *new* monstrosities thrive--his ruined cities, their breeding grounds.

Mankind nears final *extinction*. The mutants are but one of *many* species fighting for *survival* in this new world.

All, great and small, rich and poor, will fall to *my* dominion.

And receive their maker's *mark*...

My mark.

I will *code* such traits into you!

I will give you *wings* and eyes that *burn* and *voices* which can shatter stone and bone and *flesh*.

Open your *eyes*, my armies!

Prepare to die in this Apocalypse!

THE INSTITUTE

The attacks come more frequently now... the Beast is pumping crawler **chimerae** out of his bio-foundries as fast as he can dream them up.

And he has the entire stolen **mutant genebase** to code and splice from.

Great. And the ***good news*** is?

He can't find us ***here,*** right?

You have ***security shields.***

I saw you opening them to ***let us in.***

So when do I get to meet the New X-Men and--

SKWWWWARRK

?

DESTROY?

A crawler hitched a ride!

But I thought they couldn't *teleport* through your shield!

No! There was only *one*, but

--it's *duplicating* itself!

Scanning DNA..."Cyclops" traits and...

...*"Multiple Man"* codes!

Within minutes there could be **hundreds!**

Rover! Protect!

Feur!

?

DESTROY.

Each new duplicate increases its teleportation capacity!

Don't let them near the egg!

X

Men

Emergency!

Ah...

Beak!

WOO HOOO!

AAOW!

Charm on, monster!

DUH-DUHS DDESTROY DES

TROY

Schnell!

Mach Schnell!

Aus!

Aus!

The egg!

NO!

Rover?

Ist gut?

Are clever, ja?

All that you *are*, I *made* you to be.

Auwwrr... greater than gold.

More deadly than *bombs*.

My Phoenix egg.

My sweet *Jean*.

Your arrival may have come *too late,* wayfarer.

Our last hope was *taken* from us...

...that immense *power,* that dread *potential* now lies in the hands of *the Beast.*

We are the *Three-In-One.*

In our dreams we have seen a new *Dark Age.*

Seen all *history* set back a *thousand* years by ignorance and war.

Seen, worse than all these, a terrible *flaw* at the heart of things.

How did this happen so *quickly?*

I guess no one thought *Rome* could fall, either...

...those guys had a postal service that could deliver mail across *170 miles* in *one day.*

They had indoor plumbing, the women were *free,* they had art and science and a communications network that spanned the civilized world.

Within a hundred *years*, it was all *debris* and *lice*.

Sometimes ya gotta take care of what you *got*.

Any more *joy* to share?

Not *much*... I've spent the last three months in *silence*, observing bird and insect behavior, cloud patterns, tides...

...somewhere, somehow, something has gone fundamentally *wrong*, Logan.

Well. If it ain't *Bad News Cassie*.

Nice ta see ya looking so *perky*, Missis X.

A little respect for our Headmistress, Logan. Please!

This is *Cassandra Nova Xavier*...

"*Respect*"? Ha.

Our universe is *broken*, Logan. We have no idea where the break occurred...

...all we know is there's no one left to put it *right*. Except for *us*...

⊗150 YEARS EARLIER...

JEAN GREY-SUMMERS
SHE WILL RISE
AGAIN

This will only be the *third* or so time you've had to bury her.

It must be getting rather *tedious,* Scott dear.

These *reruns* of your grief.

Not funny.

Yes it is, and you *know* it.

No. Magneto... Xorn...this last year.

My eyes were *opened,* Emma...something *about* us X-Men makes them want to kill us and nothing we do makes a *difference.*

Difference to *what?* To *people?* For God's sake, Scott, who cares about *them?*

I want to reopen the *school.*

It's *done,* Emma. Even *Professor X* has retired.

The costumes, the heroics...*done.*

But you and I, together.

Think of what marvelous *teachers* we could be to a *new* generation of gifted bloody brats.

We could inspire them to *greatness!*

And Scott... imagine what we could do for one another.

Don't you want to inherit the Earth?

Someone else can have it, Emma.

No...

...I *quit.*

TO BE CONTINUED

X-PRESSIONS

Welcome back to X-PRESSIONS, your NEW X-MEN letters page! We know you missed us, so in the future, you can find us here, responding to your letters, giving you a peak at some of our exciting plans for the future, and answering your questions about the merry Marvel mutants.

A big Marvel welcome back to Marc Silvestri, making his triumphant return to the X-Men this month to kick off a four-issue story arc written by NEW X-MEN scribe Grant Morrison! Be sure to write to us and let us know how you feel about the great work Marc and Grant are doing, since we know you'll have lots to say about this history-making issue!

And just 'cause we love to tease, take a look at these pages and the cover from next month's NEW X-MEN #152, "Here Comes Tomorrow" Part 2!

See ya soon!
Stephanie

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NEXT ISSUE:

"HERE COMES TOMORROW" PART 2!

GREY FOX 誠